# Great Britains Glory,

OR

A brief Deſcription of the preſent State, Splendor, and Magnificence of the

# Royal Exchange,

With ſome remarkable Paſſages relating to the preſent ENGAGEMENT.

Humbly Preſented

To the ſeveral Merchants of the City of

# LONDON,

Who daily Meet, Traffique, and Converſe in the ſaid place.

---

By

*THEOPHILUS PHILALETHES.*

---

With Authoritie.

---

*LONDON*,

Printed by *Tho. Ratcliffe*, and *Nat. Thompſon*, for *Jonathan Edwin* at the three Roſes in *Ludgate* Street, *Anno Domini*. 1672.

# Great Britains Glory,

OR

A brief Description of the present State, Splendor, and Magnificence of the

# Royal Exchange,

With some remarks of Parliament relating to the [illegible]

Humbly Presented

To the several Merchants of the City of

# LONDON,

Who daily Meet, Trafique, and Converse in the said place.

---

By

THEOPHILUS [illegible]

---

Certify Authoritie.

---

[illegible]

Printed by [illegible] and Mr. [illegible] for [illegible] in Ludgate

[illegible] 1671.

# To the Right Honorable,

AND

To the Right Worſhipful *Merchants*

Of the City of

# LONDON.

*Much Honoured Sirs,*

I Have aſſumed the Dedication of theſe enſuing Lines, (wherein is a brief Deſcription of the preſent State, Splendor, and Magnificenſe of the *ROYAL EXCHANGE*) unto your Worthy ſelves, many Reaſons I could alledge for my inducement thereunto; But that which I hope will give you the beſt ſatisfaction for my preſent preſumption, is namely this, *viz.* becauſe this ſtately Fabrick of the *Royal Exchange*, may (without a fallacy) in ſome ſenſe be called Yours,; for it was firſt built, (and ſince the

late dreadful Fire again rebuilt) chiefly for your sakes, and for your accommodation: And moreover, because many of you (as Aldermen, Common-Council-men, and as Members of the Right Worshipful Company of *Mercers*) are at this day the proper and immediate Landlords thereof; To whom therefore should a piece of this nature (when extant) be presented for Patronage, but to your selves; My aim and principal design in this present attempt, is, only yet farther to enhance the Fame, Glory, and Magnificence of Your said place; and herein not only to my own Friends and Countreymen, but also (as you may perceive by the Introduction) to Forreigners and Strangers beyond the Seas, that so many of the Persons of Quality in the said places, may be induced thereby (among the rest of their Travels) to embarque themselves for our Island, to behold the State, and Splendor thereof, where I make no question, not only the Citizens of *LONDON* in general, but the present Inhabitants of the *Royal Exchange* in particular (in regard such persons seldom travail into other Countreys without good

store

ſtore of chink in their pockets) will bid them freely welcom unto the ſaid place; my hopes are, that you alſo will be pleaſed (as much as in you lies) to promote and encourage this ſo honeſt and harmleſs a deſign (which with much facility may be done when you ſhall either Write or Travail unto your Correſpondents abroad) In regard you will thereby be inſtrumental to promote & advance the Trade of this once Famous and Renowned City of *LONDON*, for the which (I muſt confeſs) I have ſo great and ſo Honourable a Reſpect, and am much perplexed in my thoughts, that although the City of *LONDON*, is again rebuilt (though contrary to the expectation of Thouſands) and that more Noble and commodious then ever, and that the *Royal Exchange* in the ſaid place is now built far more ſplendid and Magnificent then formerly.

I have been ſomewhat unwilling to expoſe this ſmall piece to publick view, by reaſon that we are fallen into an age, wherein though a mans primary intentions (in what he undertakes) be never ſo good and warrantable; yet if they do not ſucceed well, and accord-

ing

ing to the humour and expectation of the vulgar, they will immediately thereupon brand his innocence, and reflect upon his Person, as if he were guilty of some capital crime; but inasmuch as since the late rebuilding of the *Royal Exchange*, I have seen none yet extant upon this Subject, I thereupon thought it great pity that so Famous and so Noble a Structure as this is, should pass over in silence, and not have something by way of *Encomium* exposed to the World, as to the beauty and lustre thereof. And therefore if you will be pleased (Right Worthy and much Honoured Citizens) but to make candid Interpretation of my present labours (which were only the imployment of a few vacant hours,) I shall not then much value or esteem what the vulgar or common sort of People shall say or censure upon the same account, and in so doing you shall for ever oblige him who is,

*Your Honours and Worships most*
*ready and Faithful Servant*
*to Command,*
Theophilus Philalethes.

To

# To the courteous Reader.

Worthy Sir,

THese ensuing Lines now in thy hands do fairly salute you; my hopes are, that you will be so courteous as to give some small entertainment, and although you shall find therein some passages, not only of a Modern, but of an antient standing; Yet I hope they will not prove unsavory to your gust, nor offensive to your occular Sence: For as some of our English liquids, half milde, half stale, is not only wholsom, but toothsom, and by most men esteemed a good composition; So also here, although there are some things which to you peradventure may seem somewhat impertinent; and besides the matter in hand, yet in as much as they did so freely present themselves to my mind, when I was upon the Survey I could do no lesse (in common civility) then receive them into custody; And now having mixed them together, I do not question your complacency therein, when you shall have

*have leiſure to peruſe the ſame. As for inſtance, you will find here a brief Deſcription of the late moſt Dreadful Fire in* LONDON, *Anno Chriſti* 1666. *You will find alſo a ſmall hint of the preſent Engagement between His Majeſty of* Great Britain, *and the* States General *of the* United Provinces. *You ſhall find alſo, how Queen* Elizabeth *(of ever bleſſed memory) with all her Nobles and Princely Train did come to this ſtately ſtructure when firſt built by Sir* Thomas Greſham, *and then gave it the name of the* Royal Exchange, *by which denomination it hath continued until the day of the Date hereof, wherein peradventure we are not ſo exact in all punctilloes as is thereby deſcribed, (inaſmuch as our Anceſtours have left us in the dark, as to every particular circumſtance at that juncture of time) yet in all probability we may ſuppoſe the ſame; You will find alſo, what may probably enſue upon His Majeſties late act of Indulgence for tender Conſciences. Theſe*, cum multis aliis quæ nunc præſcribere longum eſt, *&c. I have there inſerted hoping they will not prove offenſive to ſuch as your ſelf,* (viz. *Courteous Readers*) *and ſo I bid you Farewell.*

The

# The Introduction

*My Muse advance, flye to* Parnassus *Hill,*
*Invoke the Nine, for a Poetick Quill;*
*That by their aid thou may'st straightway rehearse*
*To Forreign Nations in plain* English *Verse,*
*What thou hast seen, (and is a sight most strange,*
*The Stately Structure of the* Royal Change:
*That so thereby some may induced be,*
*To cross the Main, this famous Place to see.*
*To you therefore, who are of great Renown,*
*In every City, and each Countrey Town,*
*Beyond the Seas, these present Lines I send,*
*Hoping they will not in the least offend*
*Your Ears to hear, or Patience to peruse:*
*They come not here your Countreys to abuse*
*With feigned stories, or with frothy stuff,*
*Whereof your Honours may have cause to snuff.*
*But they do come you freely to invite*
*Into* Great Britain, *where a stately sight*
*You may behold, which may be worth your cost*
*To cross the Main, and think no labour lost.*

*Read but these Lines, and therein you shall find*
*The Authors aim, when first into his mind*
*This Subject came, which he did undertake,*
*Was (pardon his boldness) partly for your sake.*
*And when you venture shall on English Ground,*
*His Labours will (and not till then) be crown'd.*
*What is't for you, who have so great a Treasure,*
*To lay some by (wherein you'l take great pleasure)*
*To spend in other Countreys, where you may*
*Be freely welcome, or to come, or stay:*
*Your very presence in our Brittish Isle,*
*Will make our Countries and our Cities smile;*
*The Coyn you bring (which if it be but current)*
*Will be to them a good sufficient Warrant,*
*For your Pass-port, where ever you shall call,*
*Without the least suspicion to* Whitehall
*Of any danger that may thence ensue,*
*By letting in such noble Sparks as you*
*Into our Island, where you may be sure*
*To find such Friends, as will you soon procure*
*That favour here, which all esteem a bliss,*
*As 'tis indeed, our Cæsars Hand to kiss.*
*Come therefore Gallants, (some of every Tribe)*
*To see this Place which we will now describe.*

# A Brief DESCRIPTION OF THE Royal Exchange.

Within the limits of *Great Britains* Land,
Where *Charles the Second* hath the sole Command
Of Regal Power, and of all that brings
Safety to Crowns, and Honour unto Kings,
There stands a City, large, fair, and (immense,
As well in Length, as in Circumference;
Whose Banks are daily washed on each side,
By *Thames* great River every Eastern Tide:
Ith' midst whereof this Royal Place doth stand,
Lately enlarged by the Kings Command,
In Statute-Law, as plainly doth appear,
By those high Arches facing Front and Rear.
This is the Subject of our present Muse;
And if we thought we should not much abuse
Your patience here, some lines for to rehearse,
Wee'll first present you in plain *English* Verse,

Not a Romantick, but a real Story,
Which did of late eclipse *Great Britains* Glory.
This City then was lately burned down,
*LONDON* by name, though then a doleful Town,
As ever eyes beheld, a dismal sight;
The Sun, the Moon, and Stars that shine so bright,
Were then out-vi'd by a most dreadful Flame,
Sent from above in great *Jehovahs* Name,
For to chastise us, and to let us know,
That when luke-warm, and have no heat to show,
He can straightway raise such an *Eastern* Gale,
As shall, at length, make all our faces pale,
As then he did, because we wanted heat,
And now behold, our very Houses sweat,
As well as Bodies, by that scorching Fire,
Which then did burn, and never did expire,
Until such time as it had burned down
Twelve thousand Houses to the very ground.
Our stately Halls, our Churches, and our Quire,
Were the made fuel to that dreadful fire;
Our *Royal Change*, which was of so great fame
O're all the world, unto this dreadful flame
Was forc'd to stoop; where now you might espy
Our antient Kings in ashes there to lie:
This doleful object troubled us much more,
Then many sights which we had seen before,
Sir *Thomas* stood, the Founder of the Place,
And this was deem'd by all an act of Grace,
That this great Torrent should him so befriend,
As not to pieces his Trunck-breeches rend.
It spar'd no place where ever it did come,
But Giant-like rejoyc'd his race to run:

The great Fire in *London*, *An. Dom.* 1666.

All

All hands were now at work the same to quench;
And now behold, the *Dutchmen* and the *French*,
Some said, were up in arms, and in *Moor-fields*,
The noise whereof caus'd some to take their heels,
And to the Countreys round about did flye,
Where cutting throats was all their present cry.
Who can express the horrour of that night,
When people cry'd, Prepare your selves for flight;
The *French* and *Dutch* resolve to take our lives,
And when we are dead, they'l ravish all our Wives.
What shall we do in this most desperate plight,
But take our heels, and save our selves by flight.
Though this prov'd false, yet to the present crew
It was all one, as if it had been true:
Their fears, their frights, their terrours were the same,
Until the news into the Countrey came,
It was not so;-whereat the total Rout,
Who had escap'd, began to face about,
And to the City once again inclin'd,
To fetch the Goods which they had left behind,
If not already burnt, and stoln away
By that rude sort, who now did make a prey
Of peoples Goods; and by this sinful itch
Of stealing then, they did themselves enrich.
The Alarum false, much people now again
Use all endeavours for to quench that flame,
Which by this time had run nigh well so far,
As those great Gates which we call *Temple-bar*.
Our King himself in person did appear,
To give Commands, and Workmen for to chear;
The sight whereof did pierce his heart with grief,
Although his Presence gave us much relief,
In giving strict Commands unto his Guard,
Within our streets to keep strong Watch and Ward;

Lest.

Leſt the rude Rabble in this doleful hour
Should paſs the limits of his Kingly Power;
And getting head, they ſhould now in concluſion
Bring all things here to ruine and confuſion:
Which to prevent, he marched round our City,
And of our preſent caſe did then take pity.
The penſive looks in his Majeſtick Face
Did clearly ſhew how much he lov'd the place.
Our Pipes did run, our Engines they did play,
Our Wives did cry, our Miniſters did pray:
But all in vain, for ſtill it did proceed
Along our ſtreets, with fury and with ſpeed.
But then at length, in mercy to our City,
The Lord himſelf did of our caſe take pity;
He that doth ſay unto the raging Seas,
You ſhall not paſs beyond the bounds I pleaſe:
He that doth ſend the dreadful claps of Thunder,
He that is ſeen in all his works of wonder;
'Twas he that ſaid unto this dreadful Fire,
Stop in this place, enough now of mine ire;
Call'd in his winds within their houſe of ſtore,
And then ſtraightway the fire burnt no more:
And having ſtayed his moſt dreadful hand,
Much people ſince from all parts in the Land,
Have been at work, the ſame again to build;
Whereat our hearts with joy hath ſince been fill'd,
As formerly with grief, in hopes that now,
If God will pleaſe but yet to ſpeed the Plow:
And in our Land ſtill to continue Peace,
Our City Trade ſhall more and more increaſe:
And in ſhort time this place ſhall flouriſh more,
Then it hath done for many years before.
Heavens ſay Amen, and ſend it with all ſpeed,
(This we will hope) And now my muſe proceed

Unto

Unto thy main and principal design
At first intended, namely to define
The present state, and lustre of the place
Which now is built, with so much greater grace
Then formerly, that here thou must confess,
Unto the life thou canst not well express,
Onely may hope, that when thy slender Skill
Hath broke the Ice, some more refined Quill
May venture on the Stage, and be the next
That shall (with Art) enlarge upon this Text.
And since thou hast unto thy Reader bound
Thy self by promise, go survey the Ground
Yet once again, before that thou dost come
Upon the publick stage; when this is done,
Fairly retreat from off this piece of Land;
Take now thy Reader (gently) by the hand,
Conduct him hither, where thou shalt him show
The Walks above, and also them below;
And all things else whate're he shall desire,
As being curious, of thee will enquire.
Be not too hasty in thy Definition,
Go on and prosper, this is thy Commission:
Go on, I say, then with a cheerful heart,
Beg of thy Readers, that they in good part
VVill take this present Piece, and be so kind,
As to the faults therein that they shall find,
To pass them by, because they must confess,
VVe all our faults have, either more or less;
VVhich if to us they should imputed be,
VVho then amongst us would escape scot-free?
Come Reader then, let us joyn hand in hand,
And take a view of this rich Piece of Land,
VVhich at this day, by VVill and Testament
Of a good Knight, and Act of Parliament,

Our

Our City and the Mercers do uphold,
And will maintain it as their juſt Free-hold;
While Sun, and Moon, and Stars ſhall give their light,
They'l ne're forget Sir *Thomas Greſham* Knight;
That good old Man, who for this Cities ſake,
This ſtately Fabrick firſt did undertake:
And when he died, he left it unto them,
And to the Mercers, as Truſtees for him.
Where by the way, we muſt now here delare
What e're th' intentions of Sir *Thomas* were
In his life-time, and left to them by Will,
They do not fruſtrate, but the ſame fulfill
In all punctilioes, if it chance to be
An act of Grace, and his late Charity.
He was the Founder of this ſtately Place,
Which when compleat, (this good old man to grace)
The Quueen her ſelf in perſon did appear,
(Whoſe preſence always did her Subjects chear)
With all her Nobles, and her Princely Train,
She came on purpoſe for to ſee the ſame;
Where viewing it with a Majeſtick Grace,
(The people from all parts flockt in apace;
And throwing up their Caps, aloud did cry,
*Vive la Regne*, God bleſs your Majeſty)
And muſing for a while, She ſilence brake,
And to her Nobles round about her ſpake,
My Lords, ſaid ſhe, this place which I behold,
Coſt this brave Knight ſure many Crowns in Gold;
I much rejoyce this Infant place to ſee:
Speak good Sir *Thomas*, what the Name ſhall be;
For being nameleſs, now I have a mind
To be your Goſſip, if you are inclin'd
Thereto, ſaid ſhe; whereat the courteous Knight
Did ſoon reply, My Liege, your very ſight

Doth

Doth ſo tranſport me, that I cannot well
Expreſs my ſelf, your Grace my mind to tell.
But ſince I may, with boldneſs ſoar ſo high,
As to the Ears, of Sacred Majeſtie;
Aſſume to ſpeak, my Leige as to the name,
Unto your ſelf I ſhall refer the ſame
Whereat the pleaſant Queen, before them all,
Above did name it, The *Exchange Royal.*
Such acclamations then, as were up ſent
Out of their mouths into the firmament
Who were the ſtanders by we muſt confeſs
Here to the life. Our muſe cannot Expreſs
Such was the greatneſs of the peoples cry
Their very ſhouts did ſeem to rend the Sky,
Such was the greatneſs of the preſent throng
The Queen her ſelf could hardly paſs along
And ſtill the burden of their preſent cry:
Was *Vive la Regne*, God bleſs your Majeſty.
She likewiſe ſtill, did for her people pray,
And this was that, which ſtole their hearts away;
What er'e ſhee ask'd, they never did deny
What er'e they crav'd, Shee did as ſoon reply,
It ſhall be done, unto your hearts content,
And paſſed too, by Act of Parliament,
This Ladies virtues, then did ſhine ſo bright
Like glorious *Cynthia* in the lighteſt night.
And being dead, her fame ſhall yet ſurvive
Or'e many Thouſands, that are yet alive.
Here I ſhould leave Her, but as I do write,
Her very Name, doth help me to indite
This then was She, Who did the Scepter ſway
When the ſtout Engliſh bravely won the day,
Near *Tilbury-hope*, when the proud Spaniſh Fleet
Did boldly come, this Nation for to greet

But this brave Queen, did straightway check their pride,
Her Heart of Oak serv'd both for Wind and Tyde;
Her Royal presence, on our *English* Shoar,
Did make our demy, and whole Canons roar;
Her valiant Sea-men with Sir *Francis Drake*,
Did quickly make the *Spaniards* for to quake;
The like success, we hope e're long to see,
O're *Hogan Mogans*, that so lofty be,
Who would supplant us in our present Trade,
And in our Rights so frequently invade,
Nor will they strike within our Royal Channel,
Until we beat them like a water Spaniel,
( When as we teach him for to fetch and carry,
This way or that way, or the clear contrary )
Which we will do, when they top-Gallant ride,
( And will not congy ) by our Vessels side;
We'l make them know, that *English* men are such,
Who scorn to stoop to the insulting *Dutch*;
So long as *English* Blood our Veins do fill,
We will not buckle to their stubborn will,
Ungrateful States, who have so soon forgot
Our former kindness, and now heed it not;
Much like a Thief sav'd from the Gallow Tree,
Next man he robs, perhaps the Judg may be.
They are the first who lately broke the Peace,
And now perhaps they melt in their own Grease,
For doing so, and for their wrongs of late,
Our *English* Boys may soon give them check mate,
Our Royal *Charles* may quickly let them see,
What 'tis t'abuse his sacred Majesty
In Print and Pulpit as they oft have done,
On purpose to Eclipse our rising Sun,
And though we know his temper still is such,
To be at Peace with these ungrateful *Dutch*,

As well as with their Neighbours round about,
Yet if they come but once to be ſo ſtout,
As to break Truce with him, and for to jar,
He can as ſoon appear a Man of War:
Let them take heed leaſt that perchance we ſee,
Them once again diſtreſſed States to be;
If they ſhall want our help we may deny,
Becauſe of their inſulting treachery,
If we ſhould then but leave them in the lurch,
We ſoon may ſay a dieu unto the *Dutch*,
And unto all their jugling tricks of ſtate,
For which they give the World ſuch cauſe to prate
Of all their actions, which to us are known,
For which, ſome ſay they will be overthrown.
Let them remember that *Amboyna* Blood
Cries yet aloud (although not underſtood
By theſe great States) and will them overtake,
Sooner, or later when they muſt partake
Of Divine Juſtice, and for ought we know
Now is the time, wherein our God will ſhew
His Arm againſt them, for thoſe deeds then done,
Which was a ſhame unto all Chriſtendom,
fitting for none to act but onely ſuch,
Who ſtile themſelves the *Hogan Mogan Dutch*,
A ſtile too great for Mortals to aſſume,
And for this pride, Heaven may now them conſume.
If they ſhall boaſt the liberty they give
To Non-conformiſts, we alſo do live,
Under a Prince, whoſe late indulgent care,
Unto ſuch men, who Non-conformiſts are,
Is to protect them, and to ſet them free,
From penal Laws, and all things elſe that be
Alike offenſive in our *Engliſh* Church,
No good preſage ſome ſay unto the *Dutch*;

For by this means, we say his fame will ring
Over all *Europe* for a Gracious King,
This liberty for which so many lives
Have paid so dear, is brought home to our hives
When unexpected, Oh! the lively sence
That some now have, of this great providence,
Nay some do say, that for this act and deed
His present Warrs, will prosperously succeed
And all things else that he shall take in hand
For time to come, either by Sea or Land
And after that, our Trade shall flourish more
Then it hath done, for many years before
Heaven's say Amen. Now if it be your will
When this is done, Let peace continue still
Wee hope there's none will now be plotting treason
Against the Crown and Dignity of Reason,
For since we have, this Edict from *White-hall*
In things Divine and Supernatural
We all all alike, the liberty shall have,
To worship where we please, what can we crave,
Now more then this? Unless we male content
And will be worse, for all that punishment,
Which hath so long been trampling on our head,
But by Gods blessing now is brought to bed,
And fairly lodg'd within our *Cæzars* Breast,
By which said means, His Subjects are at rest,
From all those pressures which they underwent,
Since his return, by Act of Parliament,
Although averse unto his disposition,
Which is that all, should have a full fruition,
Of what, they do desire, if they will,
But live in peace and so continue still.
VVhich we do hope, they will not dare to break,
VVho now shall have, the liberty to speak,

To their own people; they all to hear,
Their own great Doctors which they count ſo dear,
VVhich if they ſhould now turbulent remain,
Then they ſhould know he doth not bear in vain
His ſacred Sword, which is to puniſh ſuch,
VVho ſhall be like to the inſulting *Dutch*;
VVe for our own part now have more content,
Than when we liv'd under that Government
Sirnam'd the *Rump*, and after that another,
when we were made ſo much a younger Brother
By *Nol* himſelf, who would not have a King,
Yet afterwards he own'd the ſelf ſame thing.
Come now good Reader let us fairly on,
The Skies are clear, the bluſtring ſtorms are gone,
There's nothing here I know that can affright thee,
But rather that which will (I hope) delight thee.
This pleaſant place, which now thou doſt eſpie,
VVas ſo much graced by his Majeſtie,
That now the Scepter ſwayes within our Land,
He the firſt Pillar with his Royal hand
Did place therein, and after that his Brother
*James* Duke of *York* did alſo place another.
Theſe Royal ſtems of Majeſty and Grace,
Did bear ſuch love, and good will to this place,
That they themſelves in perſon did appear,
To give their aid the ſame again to rear,
Theſe acts of Grace are counted ſo Divine
A Shop, above have got them for a Sign,
Theſe Royal Pillars on the North ſide ſtand,
With Crowns and Septers (by induſtrious hand
Of curious workmen) carved round about,
As a diſtinction for the common rout,

To know them from the reſt, that they may ſee,
There they ſhall ſtand unto poſterity,
As two great ſignals of their preſent love,
For which we pray the God of Heaven above,
Them to reward in everlaſting Glory,
This ſhall ſuffice then for the Pillars ſtory.

Come Courteous Reader, let us paſs on ſtill,
We have a mind our promiſe to fulfill,
In all reſpects, whereby to make thee know,
Wherein this place doth make ſo fair a ſhew.

In Walks below, the Merchants daily meet,
The Vaults beneath contain the *Indian* Fleet,
The Walks above contain now Riches more,
Than ſome tall Ships, which from the *Indian* Shoar,
Do yearly come into our *Britiſh* Iſle,
Whoſe ſafe arrival makes our Merchants ſmile,
Whoſe lofty Tower Mounted is ſo high,
To us below it ſeems to reach the Sky,
Look on the top, and there you may behold,
The Founders creſt, bedecked all in Gold,
This lofty Creature doth at all times ſhew,
Our City Merchants where the Wind doth blow,
From whence they daily do preſage no doubt,
Their Ships are coming in or going out.

* *The Sun Tavern behind the Exchange, the Sign whereof was put up in the night time.*

* *Sols* lofty Palace, on high Pillars rais'd,
And ſtately Rooms which are ſo highly prais'd,
Seems but a ſhadow to this ſtately place;
Nay *Sol* himſelf for fear of a diſgrace,
Creeps now behind it, and dares not appear
I'th' front thereof, but only in the rear;
For when at firſt he did this place behold,
And on the top ſo much refulgent Gold,

As

As if on purpoſe it were placed there,
For to confront him in his full carreer,
He then withdrew his radiant Beams of light,
Set for a while, and after in the night,
( When moſt men are at reſt and faſt aſleep )
Rais'd up his baſhful head, and then did creep
Out of his Bed again, his courſe to run,
Although unuſual for the Morning Sun,
Then to get up, a moſt prodigious ſight,
Bright *Sol* that rules the day, to riſe at night,
A thing moſt ſtrange (yet not ſo ſtrange as true)
And if you'd know, why he himſelf withdrew
That pay before, and now in ſable night,
To uſe again to take his future flight,
The reaſon flow'd from what he had eſpied,
Much troubled was to ſee himſelf outvied,
And thereupon withdrew his Beams ſo Red,
Took off a Gill, and fairly went to bed,
But being up, he with redoubled ſtrength,
Did in a trice regain the former length,
Which he had loſt, leaſt that the world next Morn,
Should think him loſt, and they themſelves forrorn,
As left without a Sun, he thought it beſt,
Again to riſe to welcome all his Gueſt,
And that he might be ſomewhat like this place,
And not for ever ſuffer ſuch diſgrace;
He ſtraightway goes into his ſtately Hall,
Where all the Planets to his Councel call,
Where *Luna* for the Sun did bravely plead,
Bills of complaint he unto them did read,
The Cauſe debated, they with one conſent,
( Juſt as our Members now in Parliament )
Did then reſolve ( where at the Sun did hollow)
That now god *Bacchus* and the great *Apollo*,

They

They would conſult, and eke petition too,
In this hard Caſe, what they therein ſhould doo,
Whereat theſe feigned gods did ſoon reply,
Since unto us you do your ſelves apply,
Take this for anſwer to your ſaid petition,
And unto you it ſhall be a Comiſſion,
That to our workmen you do ſoon repair,
And let them know that they impowered are,
VVith full Commiſſion from the God above,
(Becauſe this place they do reſpect and love)
That ſome reſemblance to th' *Exchange* they make,
VVithin *Sol's* houſe for great *Apollo's* ſake,
VVhereat our lofty Sun was highly pleas'd,
And of his former grief was quickly eas'd,
For ſince that time he hath (much people talk)
The *French*, the *Spaniſh* and the *German* walk,
So well contrived in his Vaults below,
VVhere *Bacchus* now doth make ſo fair a ſhew,
That people flock there now by day and night,
On purpoſe to aſpect this comely ſight,
And for to taſt ſome of his wholeſom Liquor,
To purge their Brains, and make their Tongues quicker,
Come gentle Reader, let's now leave the Sun
Unto himſelf, and once again return,
Unto your former ſtation, where we may
Give you account ſtill of our late ſurvey,
Look round about it, and you may behold,
places prepared for our Kings of old,
And Queens alſo, who have the Scepter ſway'd,
In this our Iſland (though in aſhes laid)
From good King *Edward*, and the *Norman* race,
VVho gain'd by conqueſt this moſt pleaſant place,
That ſo thereby we may their Memories keep,
Yet freſh with us, though they are faſt aſleep;

Here

Here in the Front our Royal *Charles's* ſtand
Like *Roman Caſars*, when they gave Command
Unto their Souldiers, ſtoutly for to Fight
VVhen as aſſaulted, or by day or night,
VVith Forreign force, or by Domeſtick jars,
And if Victorious in thoſe bloody VVars,
They had ſuch marks of honour and renown
In every City, and each Countrey Town
Conferr'd upon them, that they ſeldom were
Found to be ſuch, who ran away for fear.
Such marks of honour thoſe may now expect,
(VVhen the *Dutch* pride ſeverely ſhall be checkt.)
VVho now like Sons of *Mars*, in Men of VVar
Shall ſcorn to flinch either for VVound or Scar,
Until they ſhall both Fame and Honour bring
Home to their Countrey, and to *Charles* their King.
VVho for their Valour will them well Reward,
Since to his Honour they had ſuch regard.
View now this Front, and there thou mayſt eſpy
Such curious work, fitting for Majeſty
It ſelf to dwell in; And we do believe,
In all thy Travels thou did'ſt ne're perceive
A place like this; and herein thou mayſt ſay
To all the reſt, that they now muſt give way.
Our Merchants which our Shops do greatly ſtore,
From *Aſia*, *Africk*, and the *Indian* Shore,
VVith Pearls and Diamonds, and ſuch other VVare
VVhich in our Country are eſteem'd moſt rare.
Theſe do averre, and give it under-hand
In all their Travels, or by Sea or Land
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from *North* to *Southern* ſide
There's not the like, in all the VVorld ſo wide.
So that we may, with Confidence declare,
There's none with us can equally Compare.

We have the Phœnix in our *Engliſh* Nation,
All thoſe that view it, ſtand in admiration.
View but the Stars here on the Southern ſide,
And thou ſhalt ſee ſome reaſon for our pride,
And preſent boaſting; when we ſay there's none
Which can compare unto this place of Stone.
Look now, my Friend, here is a piece of Art
That is enough to make a wiſe man ſtart,
And wonder too, how theſe Steps hang together,
And fear no Weight, nor any ſtreſs of Weather
That ſhall confront them, for to make them yield,
They'r ſtouter Souldiers then to quit the field,
Since they are placed by the Workmans skill,
they ſcorn to flinch, but will continue ſtill.
Theſe we may call a Family of Love;
Though fixt by Mortals, yet ſent from above,
As if it were to ſhame this generation
Who will not hear of an accommodation
'Twixt one another; but are ſtill ſo high
As if they could not from each other fly
Scarce far enough. Such is their childiſh heat
They'l play at Puſh-pin, till they all do ſweat.
Do but obſerve how theſe love one another,
They all agree, like Siſter and like Brother:
Joyn hand in hand, and ſo all hang together,
And by this means you cannot now them ſever.
If you break one, you muſt break all the reſt,
And herein lies the Cream of this our Jeſt:
If we now do the like in this our Land,
Live but in Peace, and all joyn hand in hand;
And let but out theſe bitter ſtreams of ſtrife,
Which at this day, amongſt us are ſo rife:
Then by this means (O that we were all ſuch)
We need not fear the *Hogan Mogan Dutch*;

Nor Turk, nor Pope, nor any thing that ſhall
But ſeem pernicious to our King's *White-hall.*
The Work-man here hath ſhew'd his preſent skill;
By which it ſeems, he hath his Art at will.
His rare Invention here is to the life;
Surely 'twas not by ſetting Stones at ſtrife,
But ſince it was, by joyning them together,
Which makes them ſtrong, againſt all ſtreſs or weather.
And now our hearts, if that they will not break,
Theſe Stones hereafter may againſt them ſpeak,
And riſe in Judgment at Heav'ns Juſtice-hall,
And there together may bear witneſs all
Againſt us Mortals. Why? Becauſe that we
Will not now live in Love and Charity.
The times now call us to a fair retreat;
Our Trumpets ſound, our Drums to War they beat:
And ſhall we ſtill build on this Sandy ground?
(Like a Mill-horſe, that goes the ſelf-ſame round)
For ſhame let's now advance, our ſelves to Arms,
With one conſent to meet theſe proud alarms,
From thoſe who are our preſent mortal Foes,
And will not yield, until with down-right blows
We ſhall broad-ſide them, when, we do not fear
We ſhall ſo Maul them, both in Front and Reer,
That they ſtraightway will ſtrike unto our Flag,
Although at preſent they ſo much do brag.
Let's now advance unto the Walks above,
Wherein great Ladies do freqent and love
There for to come, becauſe of that Rich ſort
Of VVares therein, which by fam'd report
There you may have, and no where elſe be found,
In all the Shops upon our *Engliſh* ground;
Search where you will, for goodneſs, and for fair
You ſhall not find the like for to compare.

VVhat wares there are, if now thou haſt a mind
Here for to know, Come we will be ſo kind
As to inform thee of the minor part,
But for the whole, it is beyond our art
Here to Expreſs. More fitting for an age
To tell them all, then for a ſingle page
Here to relate, yet we will try our skill.
On ſome of them, Thy mind for to fulfil.
Here's in the firſt place, that rich ſort of ware
Which by our Gentry, are eſteem'd ſo rare
As Gowns, and Mantles, Twillets of all Sizes,
Rich Caps and Slippers, of all ſorts and prizes.
Here is alſo, great choyce of rich Bonelace,
Rare beauty waters, for your Ladies face,
Gloves for the hand and Garters for the knee
Here is alſo, good choyce of point-Paris,
And if you will your purſe, but farther ſqueeze
Here is likewiſe great choyce of point-Venice,
Linnen of all ſorts, either lac'd or plaine,
All ſorts of Ribbons, that you well can name,
Within this place, is alſo to be ſold
All ſorts of Pendents, richly ſet in Gold.
Here is alſo, moſt rare Cornelion Rings,
Lockets and Bracelets and ſuch pretty things,
Which by our Gentry, are eſteem'd ſo high,
And therefore come, unto this place to buy,
Here's Toyes of all ſorts Engliſh French and Dutch
To pleaſe the Ladies, who delight in ſuch,
Here they are tempted, oftimes or'e and or'e
To buy ſuch knacks, they never ſaw before
And as they paſs along, they oft do cry.
That *John Tredaskin* here they do outvy.
In pretty knacks and toyes, which to their ſight
Seems very ſtrange, but yet of great delight.

Here's

Here's Caps of all ſorts either Black or White,
To wear by day, or keep you warm at night,
Girdles of all ſorts, Turky work or plain
For thoſe good men who do ſo beat their brain
By their hard ſtudy, though for our good,
We wiſh they were but fairly underſtood,
And not contemned, by that ſort of people
Who neither care, for Pariſh Church or Steeple.
Mourning of all ſorts either Crape or Love,
All ſorts of Stockings either knit or wove,
Of Silk or Worſted, or of double Thread,
Waſtcoats of all ſorts either VVhite or Red
Or any collour, either Shag'd or Plain
Fitting for Merchants, when they croſs the Main.
Here is alſo, ſuch Shops, wherein you may
Be bravely fitted, for your VVedding Day,
VVith Silks and Sattins, and rich Silver Lace
VVhich to your worſhip, will be ſo great grace
VVhen as you ſhall then, from your virtuous Bride
Have free conſent, to ſleep cloſe by her ſide.
Theſe and the like you alwaies here may find,
VVhen as to buy, you ſhall be ſo inclin'd.
View now the Ciellings and the Lanthorn-lights,
The curious Signs, which are ſuch ſtately ſights,
The rich Balconies fixed round about
As well within, as thoſe which are without
The arched Tower and its lofty head,
The Marble ſtones, whereon the Merchants tread
The Bells, the Clock, the Turrets and the Creſt
Of good Sr. *Thomas* mounted or'e the reſt,
With the large Statue of this worthy Knight
Which on the Southſide, is expos'd to ſight.
As if our city did intend thereby
The name of *Greſham* here ſhould never dye.

The

The Kings of *England*, and the Maiden Queen,
Which on the *North*-ſide, here are to be ſeen.
Six of theſe *Cæſars* there you may behold
All in one Shop, richly bedeckt with Gold;
Three for a Sign, and three for Ornament,
With choice of VVares too, for your good Content.
Where, if you ſhall, with your Full-pockets come,
Thence, if you pleaſe, you may go Empty home.
Theſe, and the like, now fixed with ſuch grace,
Do clearly ſhew the Splendor of the Place.
*DURHAM*, farewell; thou muſt not dare to ſay,
That thy ſmall Shops do bear the bell away,
Now theſe are built. And though thou haſt a Trade
Becauſe *White-hall* ſo populous hath made
Thy ſpacious Streets; Yet know our loving friend,
As to the Flag, they muſt with thee contend,
And thou muſt ſay, (although againſt the grain)
That this ſaid place, the beſt is of the twain;
Either for Building, or Rich Sort of VVare,
VVhich by our Gentry are eſteem'd ſo rare.
And though for Points, thou haſt there much to do,
They have a *Rutland* and green Dragon too:
The Dog, the Bear, the Dolphin, and the Doves,
The Flower de luce, and alſo the three Gloves;
The Lyon red, the Bells in number three,
The Kings Pair-Royal, and the Orange-tree:
The ſemy-circle of that Planet bright,
VVhich was ordain'd of old to Rule the Night.
The Golden Horſe-ſhooe, and the Syren ſweet;
The long ſwift Veſſel in the *Turkey* Fleet:
The ſilver Faulcon, and three Horned-beaſts
Which make fat Paſties at our City Feaſts.
The noble Queens Arms, and the ancient Creſt
Of good Sir *Thomas*, there among the reſt.

And

And many more, which now are of great Fame
In the ſame place, for ſelling of the ſame.
VVherefore they muſt and will Top-gallant ride,
So long as *Greſham* ſtandeth by their ſide;
VVith whom we will Conclude our preſent Story
VVho was the Founder of

*Great Brittain's Glory.*

---

FINIS.

---

*Errata.*

In *Epist. Dedicatory*, p. 3. l. 19. after the word *formerly* adde, *Yet for want of Trade therein, there are many complaints.*

58200